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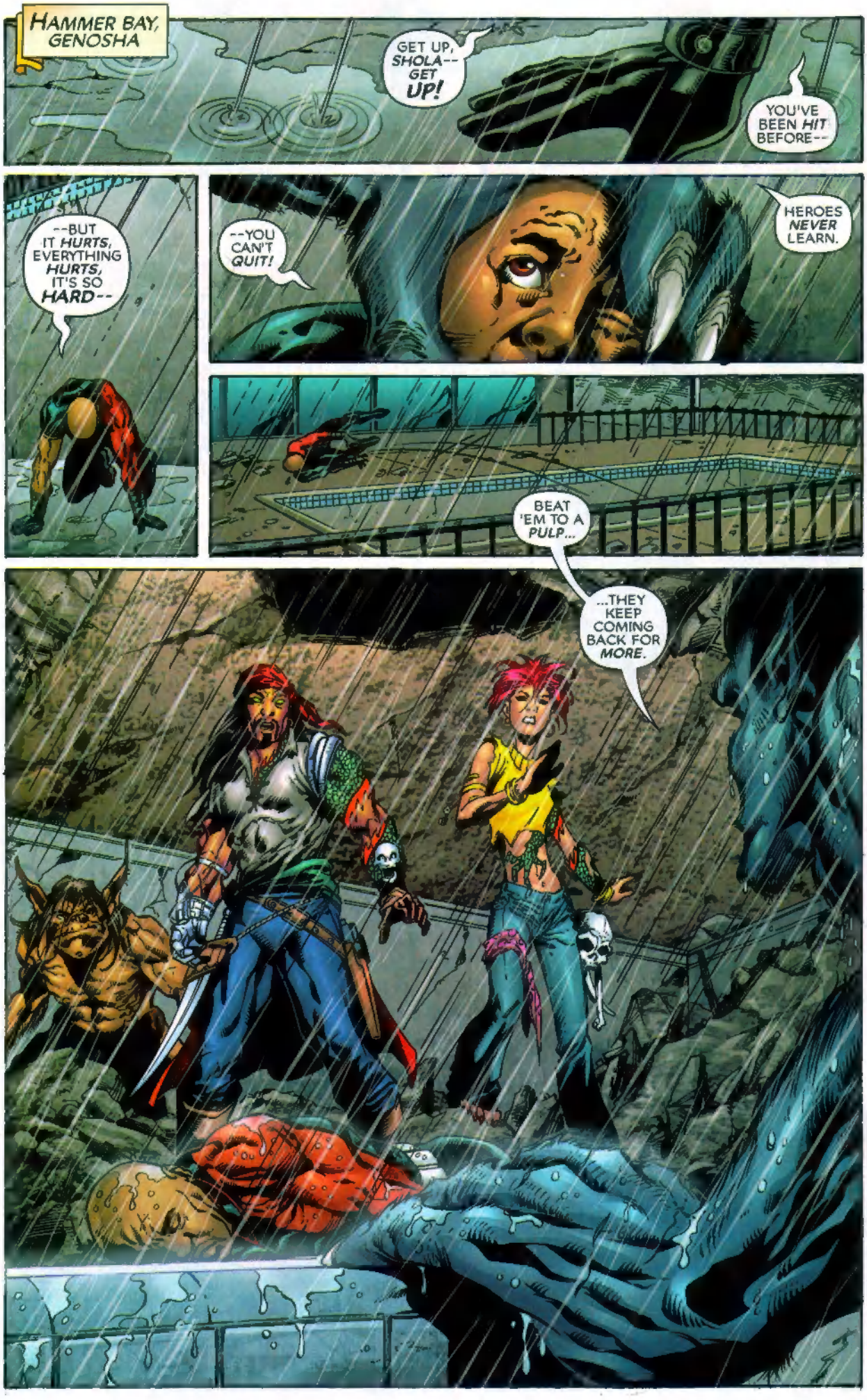

HAMMER BAY, GENOSHA
GET UP, SHOLA-- GET UP!
YOU'VE BEEN HIT BEFORE--
--BUT IT HURTS, EVERYTHING HURTS, IT'S SO HARD--
--YOU CAN'T QUIT!
HEROES NEVER LEARN.
BEAT 'EM TO A PULP...
...THEY KEEP COMING BACK FOR MORE.

Stan Lee Presents
EXCALIBUR
BAD MOON RISING!
By Chris Claremont & Aaron Lopresti
NOT AT ALL LIKE THE BAD GUYS...
...WHO KNOW WHEN THEY'RE OUT-MATCHED.
PLEASE-- ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.
YOU CAN CALL ME... "DOC."
DOC McCOY.
Greg Adams inker
Tom Orzechowski letterer
Transparency Digital colorist
Sean Ryan asst editor
Stephanie Moore editor
Mike Marts supervising editor
Joe Quesada editor in chief
Dan Buckley publisher

IT'S NOT MY STYLE TO *INTERVENE.*
I PREFER TO LET *OTHERS* PLAY THE "GREAT AND POWERFUL OZ."
THUD
I'M MORE THE MAN BEHIND THE *CURTAIN.*
BUT ONE MUST *ADAPT* TO CIRCUMSTANCES.
I DUNNO *WHO* YOU ARE, PAL, OR WHAT KIND OF *GAME* YOU'RE PLAYING--!
I CAN BE THE BEST *FRIEND* YOU'LL EVER HAVE, *STRIPMINE*...
HOW DID YOU KNOW MY--?!
...OR YOUR *WORST NIGHTMARE.*

I AM DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR KARIMA SHAPANDAR OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL POLICE.
RELEASE ME AT ONCE--YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE UNDER ARREST!
WHAT A KIDDER!
MIND YOU, IF SHE COULD DEPLOY HER WEAPONS ARRAY...
(...THOUGH FORTUNATELY FOR US, SHE CAN'T...)
OH, YOU AND THE BOY WILL BE SUCH FUN TO PLAY WITH.
I'M IMPRESSED BY THE THOROUGH JOB YOU'VE DONE--AND ALL THIS DESPITE YOUR IGNORANCE OF YOUR TRUE EMPLOYER.
SO, APPRAISER--ABSOLUTE APPLE OF MY EYE--
--WHAT'S YOUR EVALUATION OF THIS PROPERTY?
IS KARIMA'S CORE PROGRAMMING INDELIBLY LOCKED?
IN OTHER WORDS, HER BODY IS THAT OF AN OMEGA SENTINEL BUT HER MIND AND SOUL REMAIN WHOLLY HUMAN?
YEAH. IT CAN'T BE CHANGED.
STAKE YOUR LIFE ON THAT?

NEVER MIND, KIDDO, YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER.
THIS TIME.
WHAT A BRAVE, NEW WORLD HAS BEEN CREATED HERE!
AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE THE TECHNOLOGY THAT SUSTAINS NON-MUTANT SOCIETY CANNOT FUNCTION.
THE TOOLS WE USE ARE EITHER PURELY MECHANICAL, OR THEY MUST REST FULLY ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE MUTANTS WHO LIVE HERE.
BAD FOR THIEVES LIKE YOU, OR ANY OTHER OUTSIDERS WHO DEPEND ON GADGETS, BUT FOR A GENETICIST-ANTHROPOLOGIST LIKE MYSELF--
--UTTERLY FASCINATING.
MONSTER!
ABSOLUTELY.

BY THE WAY, ANYONE SEEN *UNUS?*
HOW LIKE HIM, FOREVER CHOOSING *DISCRETION* OVER VALOR.
WORDS TO *LIVE* BY, SUNSHINE.
GOOD MOVE, STRIPMINE. *MOST* IMPRESSIVE.
HOWEVER, NOT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT--
--BUT AS I RECALL, YOUR *COMMISSION* WAS TO ACQUIRE ALL *SIX* OF XAVIER'S CREW...

MEANWHILE...
WE HAVE TO WORK FAST.
I'VE NO IDEA HOW LONG THIS TROLL WILL REMAIN UNCONSCIOUS, AND WE HAVE NO RESTRAINTS THAT CAN HOLD HIM.
I HIT HIM PRETTY HARD, CHUCK.
WE'VE FELT HIS STRENGTH, CALLISTO, BUT WE'VE NO IDEA OF HIS POWERS OF RECUPERATION.
SO I'LL HIT HIM AGAIN.
IS THAT MUSIC?
IT'S...FRANZ SCHUBERT.
A PIECE I HAVEN'T HEARD...
...IN LONGER THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER.
ERIK--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THERE WAS A MAN WHO PLAYED THAT PIECE AT AUSCHWITZ.
ARBEIT MACHT FREI
HE WORKED IN THE MEDICAL SECTION, WITH THE NAZI GENETICIST JOSEF MENGELE.
WE CHILDREN CALLED HIM "NOSFERATU" BECAUSE HIS FACE WAS SO PALE HE MUST HAVE BEEN AN ALBINO.
BUT ALSO BECAUSE, IF YOU WANTED SWEETS FROM HIM, YOU HAD TO GIVE HIM A SAMPLE OF BLOOD.

HE WOULD ROAM THE CAMP, PICKING PEOPLE AT RANDOM. HE HAD THE RIGHT TO TAKE THEM EVEN FROM THE DOORS OF THE GAS CHAMBERS.
THE GUARDS NEVER INTERFERED. THEY WERE TERRIFIED OF HIM.
SOME THOUGHT HE WAS A HERO, OUR VERY OWN OSKAR SCHINDLER. THOSE HE CHOSE WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. RUMOR WAS, HE HELPED THEM ESCAPE.
BUT YOU KNEW BETTER?
I..."KNEW"... NOTHING. BUT I HAD LEARNED TO TRUST MY INSTINCTS.
TO STAY CLEAR OF HIM I BECAME A SONDERKOMMANDO, CLEANING OUT THE FURNACES OF THE CREMATORIA.

THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THE BODIES OF MY FRIENDS, OF ALL THOSE WHO'D BEEN ACCEPTED INTO HIS CLINIC. HE'D MADE THEM... MONSTERS.
HE WAS LOOKING FOR MUTANTS, TRYING TO CATALYZE THE MUTATOR GENE.
AFTER THE WAR WHEN I STARTED HUNTING NAZIS, I WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR HIM.
WHENEVER I HEAR THAT MUSIC, I WONDER IF NOW IS THE TIME.

GUYS-- COMPANY!
FREAKSHOW!
PROFESSOR-- HELP ME!
I'VE BEEN SHOT!
HOLD STILL, LAD.
I'M AFRAID THIS MAY HURT.
NO NEED FOR THAT, CHARLES.
PLOP!
DON'T LET THE BULLET TOUCH YOU!
MY ARMOR KEPT THE NANNITES OUT OF MY BLOODSTREAM, BUT THEY'LL BURROW RIGHT THROUGH YOUR SKIN!
NO FEAR OF THAT-- THEY'RE QUITE INERT NOW.
I DIDN'T THINK NANNITES COULD LAST LONG AROUND YOU.
THE ENERGIES YOU MANIFEST ARE SIMPLY TOO POWERFUL.
THE MIRACLE IS HOW YOUR BODY MANAGES TO COPE.
I KNOW YOU'RE FREEZING, BOY.
I'M SORRY I CAN'T OFFER BETTER FOR WARMTH.

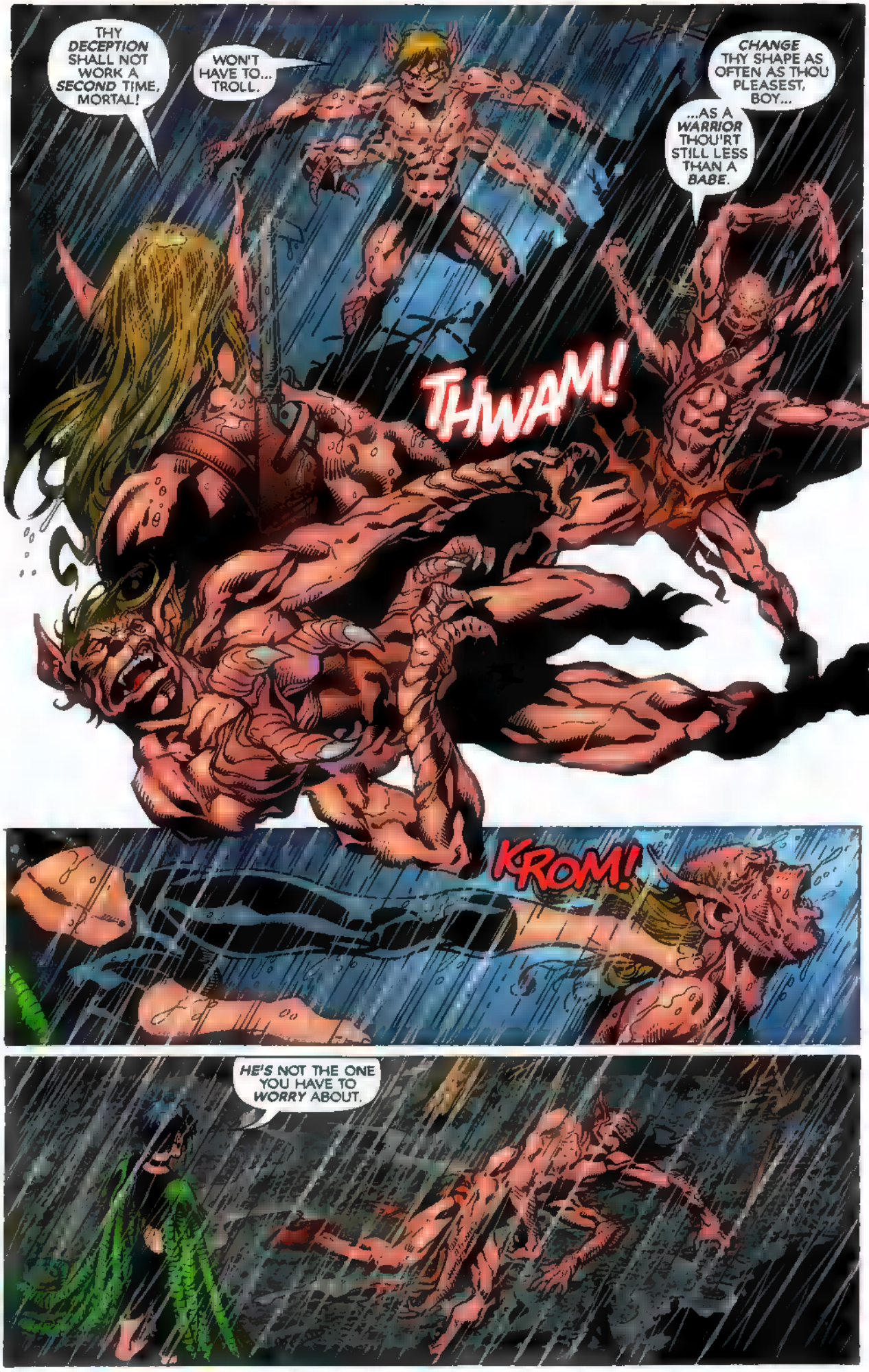
ARE YOU RECOVERED ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH STRIPMINE?
I CAN TRY.
WAIT, THEN. FOR NOW, WE'LL HOLD YOU IN RESERVE.
I'D ASK IF YOU HAVE A PLAN BUT THAT'S A FOOL'S QUESTION.
YOU ALWAYS HAVE A PLAN.
FREAKSHOW, CAN YOU COPY THAT?
EXCELLENT. NOW, WE'LL SPLIT UP.
THE TROLLS ARE STRIPMINE'S MUSCLE; WE'LL NEED TO NEUTRALIZE THEM FIRST. THAT'S OUR JOB--FREAKSHOW, CALLISTO AND I.
WHAT ABOUT ME?
ARE YOU ANY GOOD WITH A SLING? OR YOUR FISTS?
CHARLES, I'M THE MASTER OF MAGNETISM.
I HAD--WHAT'S THE WORD--FLUNKIES FOR SUCH TASKS.
NOT ANYMORE.
LOOK AFTER WICKED.
I MEAN IT, I CAN HELP!
PRECISELY. HELP HER!
SHE NEEDS YOU, ERIK, FAR MORE THAN WE.

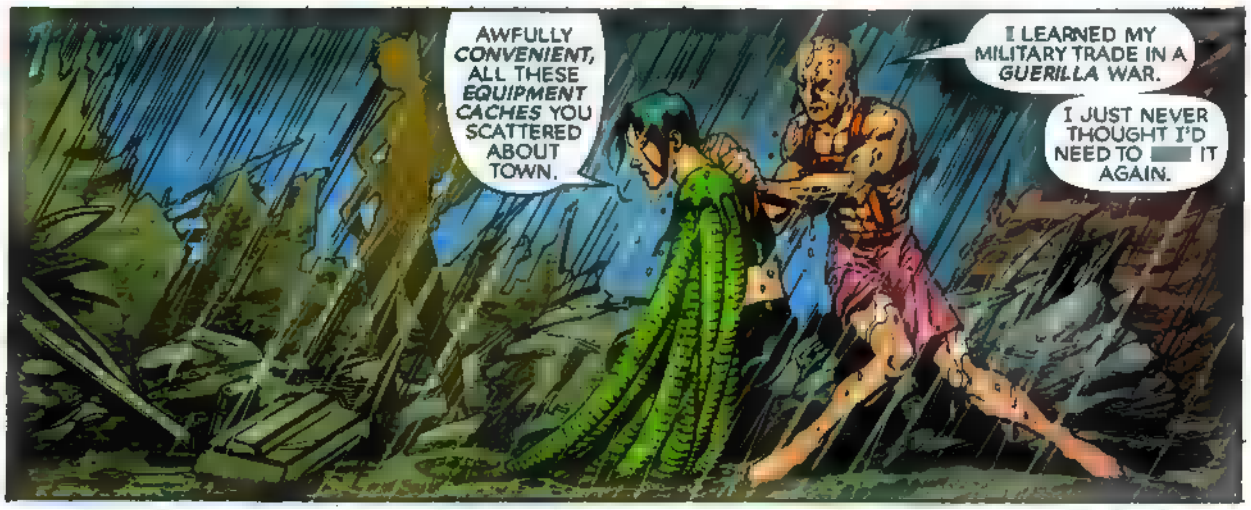
THANK YOU, CHARLES.
WHAT A *MISERABLE* NIGHT. WHAT A *WRETCHED* PLACE.
I'M SORRY I'VE NOTHING MORE *COMFORTABLE* TO OFFER, CHILD. YOU DESERVE *BETTER*.
YOU *ALL* DID.
HOW COULD SO MANY [redacted] HAVE COME TO *THIS*?
NO!
NO. I'VE TRIED *RAGE*. I'VE BEEN... *MAD*.
THAT'S WHAT LED ME *HERE*.
I NEED... *ANOTHER* WAY.
WHY ARE YOU BEING SO *KIND* TO ME?
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
I'M *EVERYTHING* MY NAME SAYS I AM.
I CAN'T EVEN HELP MY *FRIENDS*.

SOMETIMES, CHILD, THERE'S TRULY *NOTHING* YOU CAN DO.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET ME *GO!*
MY *DAUGHTER'S TRAPPED!*
IF SHE'S A *MUTANT* LIKE YOU...
...SHE'S BETTER OFF *DEAD!*
ANYA!
MOM, THIS ISN'T *FAIR!*
YOU WILL *NOT* LEAVE OUR HOUSE LOOKING LIKE *THAT!*
I HOPE YOU *DIE!*
YOU *WICKED, WICKED--!*
WHAT THE DEVIL ■ THAT DOWN IN THE *HARBOR?!*

DOST THOU HAVE A TRACK ON YALO'S SIDE ARM?
SCANNER'S BLOODY USELESS.
YO-- UGLIES--
--TRY USING YOUR EYES!
INVENTIVE MOVE, MISTRESS.

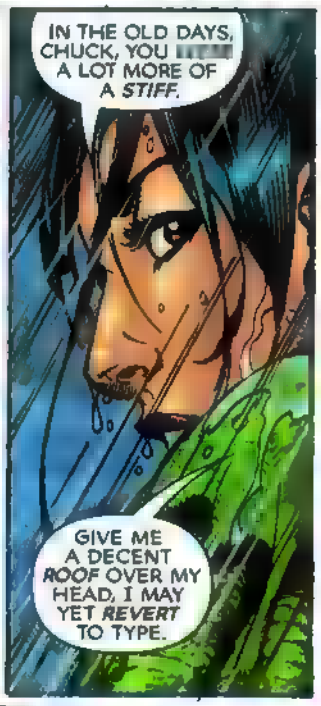
BUT JUST LIKE THY COURAGE...
...UTTERLY WASTED.
KLUD!
SHWING!
FOOL!
THOU CANST NOT TAKE E'EN ONE OF US-- CRIPPLE!
OH, NO?
OH, NO!
ACCURSED... NANNITES...


THY DECEPTION SHALL NOT WORK A SECOND TIME, MORTAL!
WON'T HAVE TO... TROLL.
CHANGE THY SHAPE AS OFTEN AS THOU PLEASEST, BOY...
...AS A WARRIOR THOU'RT STILL LESS THAN A BABE.
THWAM!
KROM!
HE'S NOT THE ONE YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.


AWFULLY CONVENIENT, ALL THESE EQUIPMENT CACHES YOU SCATTERED ABOUT TOWN.
I LEARNED MY MILITARY TRADE IN A GUERILLA WAR.
I JUST NEVER THOUGHT I'D NEED TO [redacted] IT AGAIN.

IF ONLY I HAD USE OF MY ARMS, THIS WOULD BE SO EASY.

AND IF I HAD MY LEGS, I COULD WALK.
DEAL WITH IT.


IN THE OLD DAYS, CHUCK, YOU [redacted] A LOT MORE OF A STIFF.
GIVE ME A DECENT ROOF OVER MY HEAD, I MAY YET REVERT TO TYPE.

FEEL ALL RIGHT?
FINE. BUT LOOK, CHUCKY--
--WE NAILED THE TROLLS, HOORAY FOR US. BUT THIS IS STILL ONE MAJOR GAMBLE.

HAVE A LITTLE FAITH.
I'M FROM MISSOURI.
SADDLE UP, JUNIOR, IT'S SHOWTIME!

KRASH!
OHWW!
FLING!
KTANG!
SWIPE!

THOMP!

YOU'RE BETTER THAN I DREAMED.
LET'S *END* THIS, STRIPMINE, BEFORE ANY MORE ARE *HARMED*.
I'LL *HAPPILY* ACCEPT YOUR *SURRENDER*.
YEAH, RIGHT. FREAKSHOW, HELP ME FREE THE PRISONERS.

I'LL GET KARIMA FIRST!

NO, DEAR BOY--

--ACTUALLY, YOU *WON'T*.

WEAPONS DOWN, ONE AN' ALL, OR THE BOY *SUFFERS*.
NO NO NO OH NO NO NO...
...*REALITY* CHECK, HERE.
YOU VIRTUALLY *DEFEAT* US ALL...
...ONLY TO *QUIT* AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ADVERSITY.
CHARLES, THIS IS *SO* NOT *RIGHT!*
WHATEVER ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
WHATEVER THE *GAME*, SIR...
...I *ALWAYS* PLAY TO *WIN*.
KLIK!

TWO HOURS LATER...
WHERE'S OROROMWHEN YOU REALLY NEED HER?
LIVING HER OWN LIFE, I TRUST, AS ARE WE ALL.
YOU LEFT WICKED WITH ME TO NEUTRALIZE HER NANNITES.
I LEFT HER BECAUSE IT WAS WHAT YOU BOTH NEEDED.
NOT EVERY BATTLE, ERIK, IS WITH A SUPER-VILLAIN.
EVER THE GOOD SHEPHERD, CHARLES, TENDING YOUR FLOCK.
TEACHER, ERIK. OCCASIONALLY PHYSICIAN. NOTHING MORE.
WELL, CHARLES...WE HAVE A POLICE OFFICER. WE HAVE CRIMINALS IN CUSTODY.
ALL WE NEED IS A GOVERNMENT.
TAKE MY HAND.
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
WELCOME TO THE REPUBLIC OF GENOSHA.
THIS IS ALL IT TAKES, REALLY, TWO HANDS CLASPED IN FELLOWSHIP, PLEDGING TO BUILD SOMETHING BETTER.
EVER THE DREAMER.
WHO'S IN CHARGE?
YOU WANT THE JOB?
NEXT:
Saturday Night FEVER!